



"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.

"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE



THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
SEND
LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN,

✻

✻

NEW JERSEY

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ MOSES E. KILEY,
Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

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A HOLLOWED stump becomes a mortar in which the women crush the grain with a pestle. In this the sugar cane is crushed to make the precious fermented liquor of which the Gekouyou are so fond and which has the same intoxicating qualities as wine.

This liquor is made in the following manner: The men cut the sugar cane and partly strip it in the fields. The women bind it into fagots and complete the removal of the outer covering. The cane is then cut and crushed in the mortar to squeeze out the juice. By knocking out the bottom of a kenia and replacing it with fine grasses a good funnel and strainer can be had.

The Gekouyou add to the liquor a wild fruit, the "meratina", to help hurry the fermentation. After standing one night near the fire it is fit to drink. The next day every one is happy. Friends and neighbors come and enjoy large draughts of this delicious beverage. When a man "touches the njoye" as it is called, the news is spread far and wide.

Boys and girls and young women are forbidden to drink of this intoxicating liquor. To disobey would mean dishonor. But the old people may do so to their hearts' content. Njoye will spoil if kept for more than one day, so the whole vintage must be drunk at once.

It were better not to describe the state in which these poor people stagger home after a day's drinking.

The Dwelling. — The huts are conical with a roof of straw or dried reeds, and look like so many beehives. They are about ten feet in diameter with no other opening than a very small door-way. One must bend very low to enter the house. It is divided into three parts: a circular corridor, divided by a partition, one side is the bed room, the other is the stable and the sheep and the chickens are put there for the night, sometimes as many as twenty or thirty animals. This leaves a space in the center of the hut about six feet square. The fireplace (three blackened stones where a few embers lie day and night) occupies the central point, and around this the family eat their meals when they are driven indoors by the weather.

The hut is usually fenced off from the others. If the master is polygamous each wife has a hut of her own in the same yard.

At harvest time, tiny huts are built on pilings, with a small opening under the roof so that maize and potatoes may be withdrawn by the hand.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE

Social Life. — The Gekouyou never having known slavery nor serfdom is proud and independent, even



The Gekouyou

(Continued)

the children are so.

There is neither king nor sovereign here. Each village has its council of elders ("Elder" is an honorary title.) which pronounces judgment without appeal to any higher authority in all litigations, suits and delinquencies of every kind.

As a matter of form and to comply with the laws of the country, one of the

elders has the title of Chief and he is the spokesman when the necessity arises to appeal to the European authorities. In any other case, the council is invested with supreme power in tribal affairs. The Chief can do nothing alone.

These sittings of the Council are no sinecure, they often last from morning till night. The lawyers, for there are lawyers, speak slowly and at length, they are listened to with great attention and never interrupted. When they have finished stating their case, each one may give his opinion, never two at a time. The President of the court asks if all has been said and he chooses four or five of the eldest who will decide on the merits of the case.

They go apart from the others to deliberate and only return when they have agreed on the sentence.

Formerly, if the losing party refused to pay the damages, interest, or fines imposed by the Council, the injured party asked permission to make war on him. During the night his village was burnt down, and his women and sheep carried off.

Next he would be handed over to the English authorities.

No conference is complete without the sacrifice of a sheep, which is furnished by the losing party and of which each one will have a share. Also the throats that are dry after so much talk, will be refreshed with fermented liquor.

Policemen are unknown. Every man must defend himself against robbers and aggressors. There are no taxes, because there are no officers to be paid.

The Chief wears no ceremonial attire as one might expect of a dignitary. He may be in tatters, poorest of the poor. His hut is no better than any other, either outside or in. But in the number of wives and in the size of his flocks he is more fortunate than his neighbors. The natives are stoics in that they make no use of the commodities of the twentieth century, they despise them and prize only their sheep and their oxen. When he adds to his flocks he must add to his number of wives. A Chief living near our Mission has had twenty eight wives, of whom fourteen are living, and of the fourteen deceased, six were baptized by the Missionary "in periculo mortis". Which goes to show that the Chief though a polygamist is not hostile to religion, since they were baptized with his permission.

(Continued on Page 19)

OUR JOURNEY is almost finished. We have visited the entire village, gone into each house, given out the remedies and while so doing, have tried by appropriate words to help light enter the souls of the people, in as far as it is possible.

Now we are in the largest hut; its inmates appear more religious, there are more pictures hanging on the walls representing the village saint, some people venerated in Islam or some sentences from the Koran. La "Chahada", a Mussulman formula, is often repeated.

Three old women are seated on the threshold, saying their beads with an impressive rapidity, and addressing themselves to us very kindly. "And you," I say to a young girl, who with three pretty children, appear on the scene; "Do you not pray?" "Oh, no,"

Tunis and Algiers. A simple rectangular hall, absolutely bare, is before our eyes. On a mat seated on the ground was the missionary. Facing him were two rows of pupils. He had on a simple garment which enveloped him completely. He is teaching them to read and to pray. In the Arab tongue, these words are often used for each other. All good Mohammedans must learn to read the Koran.

Now it is time for prayer. They all retire to a neighbouring room, to proceed with the necessary ablutions before the ceremony. The Mussulman must always wash his face, hands, arms and feet with clean water. In the desert, water may be replaced by sand. Outside the Temple a carpet must be spread to avoid profanity from contact with the bare ground.

To recite the prayer one must turn towards the village saint. One holds himself erect, arms raised. Then letting the hands fall and placing the right over the left, the Koran is started. One bows profoundly, hands on knees, the fingers open slowly to begin the invocations.

Following a prostration the nose and the forehead touch the earth, it is the glorification of God. The suppliants remain on their knees and then sit on their heels, the hands over the knees and repeat the rite of the Mussulman. Having saluted their guardian angels they then retire.

Still my friend was not satisfied with all she had seen and began to

question. "Tell us something of your religion."

"Mohamet was born in 570. At the age of forty, he began to be inspired by God. His doctrine is in the Koran which was dictated to the prophet himself by the archangel Gabriel. We believe that God is exalted. That he was revealed to men through the prophets, of whom Mohamet was the greatest. God has created everything; that man has a body and soul which are separated after death. The body only goes into the tomb where it is kept for some time in order to render it capable of joy and suffering, the soul goes to God, travelling over a large bridge, like the blade of a sabre.

"The journey is long, perhaps a thousand miles. Finally comes the time of resurrection, it is then the purification sets in.

In the end comes the general judgement. Eternal



The Marabout and His Scholars

she says, "My husband prays for me. It is his work to pray; he is a missionary like you." "Where is he now?" "He is in the temple." "May I see him?" "No woman can enter the temple." "May I go in?" And I added as an explanation, "This young girl who is with me is interested in the habits and costumes of these inhabitants; she wishes to see everything." "Well, you are not like other women; tell the missionary you are missionaries and he cannot send you away."

"Where are the dogs?" The Arabs have ferocious dogs, she was astonished by my question; "Neither women nor dogs can enter temples."

Fully re-assured we went toward the temple, we did not enter for we did not wish to hurt the feelings of these poor people.

The buildings are not as magnificent as those of

the Light

fire shall be for the infidels. God will reward the good and punish the wicked."

"And what does your religion prescribe?" "Prayer five times each day; charity, the feast of the ram, pilgrimage to the temple, abstention from impure foods and fermented drink; it authorizes polygamy."

"When must you pray?" "Public prayer must be made on Friday at the temple. It is necessary to pray at midday, at three o'clock and at sun down. The feast is in memory of the time that Mohamet spent on Mount Harat, in retreat."

"Must you go often to the temple?" "Every Mussulman should once during his life, make a trip to Mecca. It is our earthly saint and it is not far from your earthly saint, Sister," added the missionary. "Have you a formula of faith?" "Yes, here it is. There is but one God and Mohamet is his prophet."

"What proof have you of the truth of your belief? Do you believe firmly that it is the right road to Heaven?" Looking at his questioner very seriously, the missionary replied: "Listen, my daughter, God, the good, the merciful, gives to each a religion which suits him. Formerly, the Jews had the truth; but little by little they became corrupted; God has rejected them and now the Jews are hated and distrusted by everyone."

"After rejecting them, God sent Jesus Christ to earth; He was a great prophet, he reformed the Jewish religion and established a new creed. His doctrine was pure and beautiful, so beautiful that it is not possible for feeble humanity to always observe it. After some centuries of greatness, the Christians grew lax. Again God sent to man a prophet, Mohamet, the greatest of all prophets, he shall be exalted."

But I protested to the missionary that his co-religionists admitted themselves to be liars, thieves, depraved beings. He bowed his head a few minutes and then in deep sadness said: "Yes, the Mussulman is mistrusted like the Jews; he hates the Christian whom he mistrusts; Islam is on the decline; Islam is dying; that is why we know for certain that the second coming of Christ is not far off."



The Three Phases of the Mohammedan Prayer

When he comes He will reform everything. The Mussulman shall be rejected forever. Then I who now speak to you shall no longer be a Mussulman; with what joy shall I prostrate myself at the feet of Christ and march in His footsteps and His Light."

"Oh, missionary," I said to him then, "Your soul is right. This Christ whom you are awaiting, is the Light of the World, the Light of all Men coming to this world. Ask Him to reveal Himself to you and that in His Light, it will be possible for you to see the Truth."

Sister M. Jean-Charles.

Yes, dear readers, many fine souls are found in countries and also among the poor Arabs. They are rare, perhaps, but there are some, and for them, I ask your prayers. Dear God Himself asks them of you. He awaits to pour into their souls the graces and virtues that will lead them to the Light.



THE DEATH OF THE "GREAT SACRIFICER"

Toma (Prefecture of Bobo-Dioulasso). — "The Master of the Earth" is dead. Mournful cries and the beating of drums proclaim the news. The "great sacrificer" of Kepian worn out by old age had been replaced by his son, but he was mourned by his people and crowds came to his burial. Marching in Indian file, contorting their bodies and uttering piercing shrieks they circled the house, the whole village to expel the soul of the dead man. Chanting and weeping continued through the night, the women keeping the vigil. An ordinary man would have been buried immediately but "the Master's" body was kept for two days.

Notwithstanding all these pagan ceremonies, the soul of the great sacrificer appeared, cleansed of sin, before its Maker: "the Master" had been baptized, by Alfred, one of our Christians.

Contrast

I AM going to tell you a story of blood and murder, not because of the brutal deed itself, but to show the beneficent and salutary influence of the Christian religion on the souls of our converts and how it surrounds it with a comfort that is a solace, the sad and tragic events which occur all too frequently in their still savage lives.

Last week a rumor came that two children belonging to the catechist, Andrea, had been killed while returning home; by a



Mikaeli

crazy man who had also burnt the family hut, and finally, set fire to his own house.

Andrea, his wife, Agatha, and their five children dwelt in the poorest hut in the community. They were fine Christian people, but they seemed to have more than their share of misery. For the past few months, a cruel famine had blighted the country, but now, happily their trials were past, and it was once more a pleasure to see their family assembled each evening around the fire-place and the children eat enough to appease their appetites. After a short interval of this happiness, a horrible misfortune had cruelly fallen on these poor people.

This is how the tragedy occurred. — The pretended crazy man, (for some insist that he had never given the least sign of mental trouble) was a robust, vigorous peasant, a neighbor of Andrea who often visited his home. There had never been anything in the relations between the two men to enable one to explain the horrible crime; but when does one ever know what is going on deep in the souls of these creatures? Who knows anything of their superstitions, their hidden malice, of the devilish influences which sometimes incite them? Some remembered strange ideas expressed by this man some time previous — "I shall die this year," said he, "but, before I die, I shall kill several others." On the eve of his crime, he had astonished his family by returning to his home, without bringing any beans, and on the morning of the murder, having sent his own wife and son on a distant journey, he had deliberately set out for Andrea's with the firm idea of killing him. The catechist was taking part in a re-union of Christians at a little mission, so he could not find him. Then he searched for Agatha, who had gone into the country, then Genovefa, a beautiful child, without doubt, an angel, but she also had gone away with the youngest child of the family.

Angered at having his devilish purpose delayed, the criminal set fire to his own hut and then that of Andrea was destroyed; following his other sinister designs, he made for the road where groups of children were returning home. Attacking Mikaeli and his small brother, Caroli, he killed the latter with his dagger. Mikaeli tried to escape from him. Attracted by the flames and the cries of the children a crowd soon gathered and searched

for the murderer, but he kept them at bay with his bloody weapon; he already had wounded one man in the arm; finally, fearing he would escape them, they attacked him with long sticks, vowing to avenge one crime by another. The poor crazy man was finally put to death, but not before he had cursed Agatha whom he blamed for all that had happened, saying that she had spurned him.

Early in the afternoon, Mikaeli who was still breathing was carried to a dispensary. His mother had followed the sorrowful cortège, her sad eyes fastened on the brow of the son who lay so quietly but so sorely injured on her knees; she silently helped to examine his injuries, counting the cuts on his arms, legs, neck, and side. Although her days had been without ease or joys of any kind, she loved her children, having known the blessings of motherhood. Mikaeli seemed about to expire with each hard fought breath . . . it was a priest that the boy needed now more than anything else. Caroli had been murdered in the flower of his life, six years of age, too young to have done any wrong. His soul was still pure. But what about Mikaeli? The mother asked him if he forgave those who had done him wrong. He answered: "He would never forgive them." However, Agatha again tried, she pleaded with him to say quickly that he would forgive as he hoped to be forgiven. Sweetly, the child acceded to her wish, and said, "I forgive everyone, I am not angry at anyone and never shall be so again."

After absolution, the Priest prepared to give him Extreme Unction. A curious crowd pressed about the entrance of the poorly lighted retreat. A light from Heaven had already penetrated to the couch of the dear little sufferer who was soon to die. The good missionary helped him on his last journey. There was something of Heaven, also, in the black-robed form of the good woman who looked on him so resignedly, his mother. There was also the figure of the kind White Sister who was praying for him. Divine help alone can comfort and console.

Mikaeli was but seven years of age, and had been preparing to receive his First Holy Communion this year. He had asked his mother to pray that he would pass his test. Why could he not be permitted to take of the Heavenly Banquet now? It was decided to prepare a sanctuary in the parlor of the dispensary at once. The Sisters arranged everything. Jesus would come to him. The small black and bleeding body was arrayed in some soft white material and laid upon a couch; surely Mikaeli had never seen such fine garments! Everything was beautiful. The old Priest bent down toward the dying little one, saying those beautiful words which a soft but feeble voice continued to repeat — "Jesus, I love you; Jesus, have mercy on me."

Agatha is there, she is kneeling, now she rises and approaches her boy; a large splotch of blood shows itself through the white cloth which covers his shoulder, she looks at it and towards the altar where Jesus reposes; the Priest intones the Our Father; she starts this beautiful prayer when a cry of distress pierces her soul. "May Thy Will be done, take this one with the other, if you wish; give us this day our daily bread. It is for You alone that we wait, for without You, we have nothing."

The storm had burst in all its fury, and rain fell in torrents. The hillocks were but grey shapes, and all was sad and dreary. The poor mother remembered her other child who was being taken to the cemetery by his father. "This one is all right now, I must go to see his brother." She looked at the rain and then thought of the other disaster — her home ruined, her family without shelter on this January evening, all her modest treasures gone. "My clothing, my prayer books, my rosary; we have nothing."

She went out unprotected from the rain toward the little body which was about to be buried; she trudged through the cemetery mud to say a word of farewell to her child. Everything had a sad and funeral air this evening. The cross on the church which dominated the country-side seemed higher than the great pines whose very branches appeared to weep; serenity filled Agatha's soul; she would raise her eyes to the cross.

In the dark parlor a young girl had just entered, bearing on her back a baby with sorrowful eyes who looked at all the strange things spread before her. It is Genovefa with the smallest brother, the last born of Agatha. She crossed the threshold of the chapel and looked at Mikaeli. The wounded boy seemed more and more a part of the room, filled with shadows. Chills succeeded fever, he complained quietly of the cold and of the chair.

He said he would rather have a mat to stretch out on as he used to do at home. He has changed, and his body straightens out

in a resemblance of death. The parlor takes on an air of mystery. The baby in spite of his big eyes understands nothing of life or death, but he feels that he has been forgotten in the midst of everything. He has not seen his mother in a long time; he is hungry and thirsty; he also sees some milk which is intended as refreshment for his brother. Mkaeli sees all this; he barely wets his own lips and then tells his sister to give the rest to the baby.

Six hours later, Andrea having completed his sad task at the cemetery, went for his son to bring him to the shelter which the missionaries had provided for them. Like the mother, the father is astonished at the simple faith and resignation of the little victim. He said, "His greatest regret would be to think of Mkaeli dead without confession. The other little one is already in Heaven,



Genovefa with
Her Brother

but the eldest could have committed sins and his soul may be soiled. God has been good to permit him to live for some time, if He wants to take him now, may His will be done."

How consoling it must be for the heart of Jesus, to witness such faith.

This is what Christianity does for the souls who are docile to its doctrines, it raises them to a dignity which makes a great contrast with their pagan mentality; even death is respected whilst the pagan negroes abandon their dead, for whilst Caroli sleeps at the foot of the Cross, the body of his criminal is still on the hill, abandoned to the hyena and crows, where no one wants to touch him. After several days an unknown hand places him in a hole which had been dug by a beast.

Let us pray and ask that these pagan nations will learn that there is no other God but God alone.

SR. M. PATRICIA.

"Our missionary action behind the lines, so to speak, is efficacious not only for the missions but also for the salvation of our own souls."

— (Pope Pius XI)

The Gekouyou (Continued from page 15)

It will be seen by what has been said of the social organization of the Gekouyou that primitive, even patriarchal customs, survive among these pastoral tribes. The Hebrews wandering in the desert must have had somewhat the same customs as these natives.

Religious Life. — The Gekouyou believe in God. Their conception of Him is that of a Supreme Being, powerful, beneficent and kind, and the Creator of all things. This was the belief of their ancestors and it is theirs.

On hereditary belief only, they base their religion and their practices of sorcery. "Thus, our fathers did," they say and to explain their belief in God: "Thus our fathers believed." It is the gordian knot of their convictions.

As a matter of fact, these negroes invent gods at will. But there are two principal deities: one black and one white. The black is the Gekouyou god and the white is claimed by the Kambas and the Massai, neighboring tribes.

This duality of gods permits them to account for a year of drought causing a famine among them while their neighbors have an abundant harvest. How could God who loves all men show such preference? It is impossible. But their own god was away; he was not there at the right moment to let the much needed rain fall on the ploughed fields.

They respect God. Like the Hebrews, they offer Him sacrifices from their flocks in recognition of His Supremacy, and to implore His mercy when the country is afflicted by a plague, to obtain success in their enterprises, the multiplication of the family and of the flocks. It is the chief of the hut who slays a goat or a sheep for the sacrifice.

God is good, He is not the author of their woes. It is the evil spirits who send the drought and all calamities. They believe these spirits to be the souls of the departed who are jealous of the living and seek to harm them.

The Spirits. — "Where are the spirits?" I asked a man one day. "They wander about everywhere seeking to destroy," he told me, with an air of conviction. "They are in the forests, on the hills, in the valleys, near the rivers and the fountains. One must always be on his guard."

The whirling gusts of wind, called by the Gekouyou "ngoma chiatumia" or Spirits of the women, are an infallible omen of coming rain. It is the souls of departed women come to sweep the fields before the masika to help their living sisters.

No one has seen these spirits, however some authenticated cases of possession by the devil show in the words spoken by the victim, how Satan avails himself of the ignorant credulity of these people, to confirm their superstitious beliefs. Thus a young man who is suddenly stricken, falls to the ground, appar-

ently lifeless. The spirit is questioned: "I am X, who died on this spot in such a year. I claim a sacrifice or I shall cause the death of this young man, through whose lips I speak." A sheep is slain and the young man who has never heard of X regains consciousness without any knowledge of what he has said.

The Missionaries speak of many facts of a supernatural character. A woman fell ill, she was at the point of death. She spoke and declared that she was possessed by the spirit of her husband's first wife who demanded a sacrifice. She added, to prove that she was really possessed, that the child of a Christian woman, her neighbor, would die. The baby who had been in perfect health died suddenly two days later.

The snake and the tortoise are objects of veneration. A Native will never kill one of these reptiles however malevolent or destructive they may be. There are snakes whose bite causes death within two or three hours notwithstanding immediate attempts to counteract the action of the venom.

It is a known fact that all African negroes have this superstitious veneration for snakes. But the worship of the tortoise is not so general.

A Gekouyou witch-doctor, who lived in the hills near the Mission, one day pierced the shell of a tortoise with his lance to extract from the body of the reptile a substance to be used as a cure for lumbago. The rumor spreads all through the village. The elders call a meeting . . . this crime is worse than homicide. "A creature with the power of good and evil who has granted us a good harvest, has been made to suffer. Next year there will be a famine!" Indignation is at its height. The witch-doctor trembles. The council must deliberate at length on such a question. What sacrifice must be offered to propitiate the tortoise and save the country from a drought. It is at last decided that the delinquent must kill two fat sheep and, to show the tortoise that the outrage has been atoned for, a part of the viscera of the sheep must be tied to its foot.

The poor wizard finds it a hard pill to swallow and carries the tortoise to Sister St. Yves begging of her to use all the means known to the white man to save the tortoise and if this be impossible, to have his sentence commuted to save his purse.

But the Sister is powerless to revive the lifeless creature.

Poor benighted people! and this is not ancient history, we are eye-witnesses of these facts. The delinquent witch-doctor, this killer of tortoises, has lost his reputation and with it his livelihood, plus two sheep.

Thus, the Gekouyous offer sacrifices of propitiation and impetration and never of thanksgiving. The word gratitude has no place in their language nor in their hearts.

(To Be Continued)

Only Inquisitive . . .

The Children— What are you looking at?

Jacobo— I was just looking to see if Mrs. X . . . had thought of paying her subscription to the "Messenger of Our Lady of Africa."

The Children— She is so zealous, this dear lady, we must remind her of it.

Jacobo— And to send an offering also, to buy clothes for my little brother who can not go to school nor church, because he has nothing to wear.

* * * * *

DEPARTURES

Sister Mary of the Assumption left Marseille for Ouagadougou.
Sister M. Joannes, left for Segou (French Soudan).



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Thomas and Bellarmin by St. Anthony's School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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For a leper from Mrs. Puzak, Detroit, Michigan.

For a leper from Miss Hynes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Several other donations for which we are very grateful.

* * * * *

Germantown, Jan. 15th, 1936.

Dear Sisters:—

We are sending you some candies for your black babies, we saved them ourselves.

From the little boys of St. Thomas More's Class.
— Jimmy Devereux.

MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

In connection with the celebration of the Tercentenary of Rhode Island, a Missionary Exhibition took place at La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I., from the 4th to the 8th of March.

Twenty-seven communities, including the Brothers of Christian Doctrine in whose establishment it was held, were represented at this exhibition. Numerous visitors availed themselves of this wonderful opportunity to get more acquainted with the work done or to be accomplished in the missionfield by the Missionaries.

During these four days, the friends of the Missions as well as the Missionaries themselves had the great privilege of visiting the Most Blessed Sacrament, solemnly exposed in one of the classrooms transformed in a chapel on this occasion.

The prayers offered there with such fervor will certainly bring many blessings not only on the Missions but also on the zealous ones who organized this exhibition.

Let us thanks here, in a particular way, Rev. Wm. P. Tally and Rev. Brother Aquinas Thomas who patronized and organized with such success this manifestation of Faith and zeal for the glory of God.

We also wish to express our gratitude to the Most Reverend Francis P. Keough, D. D. Bishop of Providence who encouraged the promoters, presided the different ceremonies and showed so much interest and generosity to each one of the exhibitors.

THANKS TO THE SERVANT OF GOD, GUY De FONTGALLAND

Detroit, Mich.

"My baby was sick . . . and despite the doctor's care, was not getting better. I promised to support a leper for a month if she be cured. Soon after, she became well . . . and I am sending my offering in fulfillment of my promise.

Mrs. A. P.

* * * * *

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1935.

"Little Guy helped me to get 98% for me in geography last year. Thanks to my little friend!"

Abbot J. Hope

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As soon as you have a few pounds, mail them to:

WHITE SISTERS' CONVENT,
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Any kind of beads, necklaces, lampshades, etc., will also be received with pleasure - and used for the benefit of the Missions.

OBITUARY

Kindly remember in your prayers:

Rev. Brother Fernand, Brother of the Sacred Heart, one of our great benefactors.

Mr. Frederick Gabel, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. P. Sirois, Quebec, Canada.

Mrs. A. Perrault, Montreal, Canada.

Rev. D. Raymond Towle, O. P., Summit, N. J.

Rev. P. H. Esper, Detroit, Michigan.

